

A
Dreadful Oration

Deliver'd by that sorely afflicted Saint,

STEPHEN LOBB.

Held forth to the Brethren,
Since his last Retirement,

(At a Private Meeting by Night; to
Escape PERSECUTION,)

In his Antient *Meeting-House*, near
SWALLOW-STREET,

Not far from that Famous

WHIGG-SQUARE.

*Behold! the Net is fall'n upon Us; Yea, the Righteous
are Taken in the very height of their Conspiracy.*

Printed by N.T. at the entrance into the *Old Spring
Garden near Charing-Cross.* 1683.

THEOLOGY

STEPHEN FORB

Held forth to the nation

of the world

in the year

of our Lord

1633

by the

author

of the

work

entitled

the

life

Dreadful Oration

Delivered by that sorely afflicted Saint,

STEPHEN LOBB, &c.

*Behold! the Net is fall'n upon Us; yea, the Righteous are taken,
in the Height of their Conspiracy.*

THe Words are very Copious; Nay they are usher'd in, or introduc'd with a Behold! A Sentence in one Word. Yea, I may say a Volume comprehended in two Sillables: As if it had been pointed out for an unfold of Words: A Miracle produc'd out of six Letters; A Charm to confine your Thoughts to Admiration of what will follow. --- As thus.

Behold! That is, stand still; keep thy Eye steadfast, and thou shalt have a Riddle explain'd through those Opticks, thy Eyes to thy understanding.

Behold thou shalt see men Executed for Traytors; as we have many.

Behold with what carefulness they Suffer'd; as they did all.

Behold! That is, listen to their dying Words;
And thou shalt find a *Not Guilty* in all their Mouths.

Behold a stedfast perseverance to the last, without the least complaining against, or murmuring at the Justice of the Law, because corrupted by the Perjury of Slaves in Pay. But here is a *Behold!* Marching in the Front of a Complaint. A *Behold* that leads the Harlot *Rebellion* blinded in bloody Security, to the hand of Justice, and there unveils her. Here is a People that call themselves the *Righteous*, the Elect of the Land. And yet Behold *They are taken in the Height of their Conspiracy.*

In the Words, you have these Four Heads.

First, you have a Citation to imploy the Light of the Body, the Eye, in the Word *Behold.*

Secondly, you have the Object; or the People under Confinement, in the Words following, *The Net is fallen upon Us.*

Thirdly, who they are intangl'd in this Snare, and that is the *Righteous.*

Fourthly, and lastly; it shews the time when; which is, *In the Height of their Conspiracy.*

I begin with the First Point.

Behold we are become a by-word. The Subject of every easy-spleen'd Loyalist to imploy his Talent. Our Profession is become like a Painted Sepulchre,

chre, whose fair outside this Discovery has Sullied:
and expos'd our Putrefaction to publick view. Be-
hold Me, your Soul-saving Instructor, receiving the
Sacrament at the Church in the Morning, to ena-
ble me to be Guardian to the Babes of a Deceased
Brother: And then Behold the Cloak of Fraud put
on (to lye, and betray your Souls, and your Purles)
at a *Meeting-House* in the Afternoon.

Behold! Our Brother *Bull*, wallowing in the Suds
of the Creature at the dore of Iniquity. Behold!
Ness, a Teacher of Seperation, (next door to the
Scotch-Hall) selling Seditious Phamphlets to his Re-
bellious cram'd Auditors.

Behold! Us all a Cheat, and you the Cheaters.

Behold! Our City's Head-Officer, Cheating Ma-
dam *Creswel* of the Wages of Fornication.

Behold! Sir *Patience Ward*, in the Height of Re-
bellion, putting a sham Inscription round the *Monu-*
ment, to insense the Rabble: and now behold him
hiding in a Garret, to shelter him from the Justice of
the Law, for Perjury.

Behold! Sir *William Waller*, with the *True Blew*
Patty, Disarming the Kings Friends, to Arm them-
selves against his Life. Yea, behold him burning the
Picture of his Saviour, under the pretence of Rooting
out *Separation*; and yet behold him, setting up a
Re-

Rebellious Son against his Father, and Sovereigns
life for the Image of a King.

Behold! *Bethel* (the True Protestant Sheriff) in
the time of the *Popish-Plot*, contriving Treason in
a Carret And then behold him Carving it out at a
Nine-peny Ordinary.

Behold him cheating the Prisoners of their usual
Allowance; And now behold he's fled to avoid the
Goal.

Behold Evidence *Oates* throng'd after and admira-
red, for the non-sense of *Phanatick* pleasing Sermons
in Railing against the Whore of *Babylon*: And now
behold him joyning with that Band to Rebellion,
Phanatism.

Behold him the Master Evidence in the *Popish Plot*:
but behold too many truths to be sworn, to imploy
him in our *Phanatical Conspiracy*.

Behold his Brother *Prance* calling for Wine at *Tory*
Bowmans, and behold his Dog would allow him none
but the dropping of his Tap; by which you may be-
hold now Honesty has the upper-hand, that Mur-
derers, and the Saviours of the Nation are slighted.

Behold my Lord *Ruffel* turning away the Clerk
his Kitchen for being Loyal, and drinking the King
and Dukes Health: then behold him proclaiming
his Innocence by an equivocating Confession.

Behold

Behold the *Green-Ribbon-Club* Caballing of Treason, but then behold *Tory R*— with his *Revolution* of the *Scarlet Ribbon*; (in opposition to theirs) expressing his Loyalty.

Behold him in the height of the *Popish Plot*, Singing *Tory Songs*: And behold their consequence come home to our Doors.

Behold us teaching Sedition in spite of the Government: And behold *Gillo* laying us open, in his Books called *Ferguson's Lamentation, &c.*

By this you may plainly behold what we are: And you have beheld what the Sufferers in the late *Popish Plot* were. There was *Not Guilty*, by the hopes of Salvation at the very brink of Eternity.

But behold We Confess as soon as Apprehended, Their Innocence wou'd rather let them stay to be Executed, than Fly, or stain their Guiltless Consciences with a false Confession; but We were all upon the wing, so soon as our black Designs were Discover'd.

Behold the King as He's the Fountain of Honour: So He imitates His Maker in His unbounded Mercy. And yet behold Us, (who are Streams of that Fountain,) striving to dam up their Sluices, and stop their Current for ever. Nay, behold Us poisoning the Dukes Fame, (if We mist our *Mysterious Struck*) in
laying

laying the Murder of the King on his Un-imitable Love towards him.

But now Behold the Net is fallen upon Us, and Justice gives us our Reward: Which words bring me to the second thing observable in my Text; which is the Object, or the People under Confinement; in the words *the Net is fallen upon Us*: I shall strive here to explain what We are in a general Sense. We are generally taken notice to be, *Stallions, Pimps, Whores, and Bawds*; that is thus. The Heads of our Faction, are *Stallions* to the Genteeler sort of our *Associates Wives*. Those Gentlemen Rebels, are *Stallions* to the better sort of the *City Wives*. The Citizens are *Pimps*, and *Wittals*, in introducing them, and holding the Door. Their *Wives* are *Insatiate Strumpets*, with unsatisfy'd Appetites. Their Mothers are *Bawds* for keeping others in discourse, till him that is in Action has dispatch'd his Errand, and convey'd out at a back-door. This is in their Carnal Sense. Nay they are the same in that (we call) a Spiritual Sense; the Heads of our Faction take a great deal of pains from place, to place, from one County to another; nay from *Exeter* our Party met *M---th Armstrong*, and others of our Faction, with Shouts, and Huzzas of great Joy; And these Popular Traytors all the time laid upon them, Debauching, and

and seducing those a degree beneath them, to be Rebels, with promises of great Preferment ; And Offices, where great Revenues should come in, with a contentious Liberty at the end. And therefore are *Stallions* in that *Rebellious Toyl*.

Those Gentlemen Rebels are *Stallions*, by Infecting the Citizen, with *stand up for your Liberties and Properties ; and down with Popery, and Tyranny*. With *stand up for a Commonwealth, and down with Monarchy*. With *have a care of going to Bed, and rising the next Morning with your Throats Cut*. With *have a care of being Slaves to a Forreign Nation* With *stand up for that Witch-craft Rebellion ; And cut the Kings Throat in private, for Conscience Sake*.

The Citizens, are *Pimps* to the second part of the *Good Old Cause ; by taking Rebellion, to distribute it at second hand*. For drawing in the *Mobile*, and blinding their eyes with that *Factionous Harlot Irreligious Liberty ; which would prove Slavery*. In seducing the *Plebeians*, to Ingender with that *Whore Sedition ; when they should be Wedded to that chaste Spouse, called Loyalty*. Their Wives are *Whores*, in that (we call) a *Spiritual Sense*, because their *Religion* is only out-side. Their *Zealous Sighs*, not from the *Heart ; but from the Custom of known Hypocrisy*. They refuse to be *Servants to that true Church*

Establiſh'd by Law, And joyn themselves to that bastard Church Separation, establiſh'd by that true Father of it, the Devil. And We are his Predecessors, of the same Infernal Order : And by reason of the admirable Qualifications ; *The Net is fall'n upon Us*. But I had almost forgot, the *Bawd* of our Religion, (as we call it.) This is one, whose Education from her youth was *Non-conformity* ; one that has habited her self to Sin, from her very Cradle : That she's become, like him who invents a Story, and tells it so often till he thinks it Truth. So she by Custom is enslav'd to this *Ignis Fatuus* ; and thinks it a true Light : And therefore is *Bawd* to her own Children in bringing them up to her broad and beaten Road that leads to perdition ; and thinks them Damn'd if they take to the Path that directs to Happiness,

For we, that had such bloody Designs, to Assassinate our Sovereign and His dearest Brother : And after that imbrew our hands in the Bowels of all Their Honest, Loyal, Loving Subjects ; Fleying them alive, and stuffing their Skins to be hung up in Publick Halls, for a Monument of our Zealous Cruelty : I say we that had laid a *Conspiracy* of such inevitable Ruine, to the whole Land (but those of our *Religion-destroying Party*) look'd on these Carnal and Sham *Religious* Endowments, as Natural : For that
 opinion,

opinion, that's founded on blood, will exempt no Sin from being an Article of their Faith. And therefore I am sure they must all be *Guilty* of what they are here accus'd. What pains did our Head, (and that Prince-hecktoring Villain *Shaftsbury*;) take, to prove the King Married, to that Murdering Rebels Mother; with the Hell-bred invention of a writing inclos'd in a *Black Box*: when the King by His Royal *Proclamation* had declar'd him Illegitimate. But when this *Leech*, of Rebellion, left to be the blood-sucker of *Loyalty*: Then this Natural Lump, and Clod of second-hand Policy, lost the Brains that this Damn'd Matchiavillian *Hell-Hound* carried for him. And so our Designs droop'd, for want of his Councils to countenance our *Conspiracy*: but he's only gone, to prepare a place for our Party, which are Travelling after him: and will shortly bear him company, in the place where he sits head (as he did amongst Us here) of all our *Phanatical Blunderbus Saints*: For behold we are discover'd, and *the Net is fall'n upon Us*. And that leads me to the third particular or head of my *Text*, which shews who they are intangled in this Snare: and that is the *Righteous*. Who are discover'd by the actions of a sincere Life, and pious Conversation. By an unblamable walking, with all Conformity to the Laws of their Sovereign; by

their Detestation of every thing that is Evil. In short, by abandoning all *Rebellion*, and putting on the white Spotless Robe of Innocence, and have not we done this? Have not we been sincerely true to the Injustice of our Diabolical Designs? Have not we ventured Damnation, to accomplish our Machinations? Which was more than the *Popish Plotters* could do; for they were brought to their end by our Contrivance. And yet we ventur'd on with the Guilt of their blood upon Us, and upon our Children; and the intention of Millions more. If we found whole Families to be Loyal, every individual Soul was to be cut off, with as little of Repentance, as the surprising the King and Duke wou'd have granted them. Tho' we in Murdering their Royal Persons, had sent them Lambs prepar'd for the Sacrifice; through their Mercy, Goodness, and unlimited Forgiveness: Yet then we knew the Shepherds once gone, the Sheep had lain open and become a Prey to our *Wolvis*h Natures. For we were so Confirm'd in our bloody Principles, that where e're we found but part of a Family dissaffected to our Holy Proceedings, They had past as Victims to our *Blood-thirsty, Un-alterable Designs*, by the Hands of the rest of the Household, who were intended, nay instructed for their *Butcherly Executioners*.

Of

Of whom we had a particular account of all the Streets of every Parish within the City of *London*, yea, of every place within the Lines of Communication. And our pretentions were to Unite the Protestants to one another, suppress *Popery*; which is coming more violently upon us than ever: Therefore you that are at Liberty, be ready with your Spits to Roast the *Whore* of *Babylon*, or broyl her upon the Grid-iron, as we design'd to serve Sir *George Jefferies*, and several others of the Kings Councillours. For these are the actions of Sincere, Good, and Well-affected Christians; I say such as we were, and are in all our Principles: Nay to Confirm our Resolutions, upon choosing the late Sheriffs, *Norib*, and *Rich*, (for fear our Sanctify'd Party should carry the Day) did not a Loyal Man come to him that lives at the *Kings-Head Tavern* at *Charing-Cross*, and desire him to go (knowing him to be a Free-man and a true Cavalier) and give his Vote, and when he came to *Guild-Hall*, did not a *Zealous Brother* to our *Bloody Cause* (meeting him there) intreat him to Vote (but this year) for *Papillion* and *Dubois*, and the next year he may Vote for whom he pleas'd, but he did not hearken to him. Yet this shews how secure we thought our selves of the Prosperity of our *Blood-thirsty Design*; Which had certainly been perform'd, had

had our two Sheriffs stood, *Papillion* and *Dubois* whom we Chose; that we might have had some more *Ignoramus Juries*. It is not necessary to lay our *Brother* open, tho' he's a man that lives by the *Light*, being a *Wax-Chandler* near *Charing-Cross*. Did we not generally *Murmur*, nay sometimes talk aloud, that if the King offer'd to take away our *Charter*, He should find *Bloody Noses*. Our Conversation (in outward appearance) was *Yea, Yea*, and *Nay, Nay*, but having stript Us of that Cant, of the thin covering of our *Hell-black Souls*; you in Legible Characters, have found, instead thereof, *Blood, Blood, Murder, Murder*.

This answer our *Lay-Brethren*, (tho' our Priestly Function is of the Devils Institution) are instructed to give to the Examination of the Loyal Party, (why we will not Conform to the Laws of the Land) That they have seen so much Sanctity of Life, so great Purity in the Conversation of the *Dissenting Assemblers*, they were bred up among, that they must be of that opinion, which is to have the Lord in their Mouths, and the Devil in their Hearts and Actions. And can any Conversation be more Pious? Nay, our Wives are as Zealously good as we are, in their way; do they not every time the Spiritual Fit calls upon them to appear at our *Nurseries of Bawdry*,
and

and *Conventicling Schools*, give up their *Fleshly Intercession* (by a *Bill* to their *Pastor* and *Instructor*) that the Lord would enable their *Husbands* to perform *Family Duty*: which is a hint, either for *Us* their *Teachers*, or some lusty young *Auditor* (of our providing) to supply his place; for we by daily use are acquainted with all their *Hands*.

You call upon *Us* to Conform to the Government *Established*, we do, as much as in *Us* lyes. We have all of *Us* for these many years last past, sworn to be *Rebellious Villains*. We have sworn to Murder the King and His Dearest Brother, and now you have discover'd *Us*, you hang *Us* up like Dogs, hindering the performance of what we have Solemnly Vow'd. And are these Christian-like acts, to make men For-sworn? Therefore we wou'd avoid the Evil of *Perjury*, and commit the Fact of *Murder* (our beloved *Principles*) if you did not prevent *Us*; for we have the same Inclinations still, but only you clip our Wings, and will not let *Us* soar so high as the Throne.

For which, we ought to power forth our Tears, till by the Streams from our Eyes, we cause a second Flood to destroy the World; which may easily be done, considering the numerous company that are concern'd, in our Unparallel'd *Conspiracy*. Or (since
we

we have mist our Eclipsing the Glory of this Earthly Sun, Moon, and other Planets that have Gradually their Degrees of Greatness from his Glorious Light) now, let us according to the Tenour of our *Religion*, Curse the Sun from the Firmament ; the Moon from its Orb ; the lesser Planets from their Splended Sphears ; that a Universal Darknes may cover us all, that had, or have the least hand in this never to be forgotten *Conspiracy*. For the *Devil* and *Shaftsbury* the (greatest *Fiend* of two) has drawn us in, and spotted the *Witnesses* of our Robe, with the *Blood* of the *Innocent*, which is the reason, that we the *Righteous* are taken.

And that brings me to the Fourth and last Head in my *Text*, shewing the time when Justice lays hands upon them ; and that is, *In the Height of Their Conspiracy*.

When the *Blow* was ready to be given, when we had number'd their Royal minutes, when the *Match* (as I may say) was fir'd, and having burnt to such a length, 'twas to discharge the Destroying *Blunderbuss* that would have dash'd in pieces the best of Kings, and truest the Brothers ; when we were just come to draw up the Sluices, and let out whole Streams of *Royal Blood* . for that *Liberty Enfranchisement* we design'd to cry out for, (as we intended with our
Swords

Swords drawn) was to make our selves Libertines, in cutting Loyal Subjects Throats without Remorse, Destroying their Children without pity, Ravishing their Wives, and then Murdering them without Compassion. But at this very time Conscience steps in amongst Us;) which will Then was an utter stranger to our Party;) And cuts the Match asunder, to prevent its burning to the Fatal Powder; and by Miracle turns the destroying Piece upon our Party. Nay, several Cabals we held because we could not agree upon the exact place, (after we miss the stroak at *New-market*,) and we find now, 'twas Divine Providence orders those debates, that always take a particular care of the Lives of Kings, and Princes; That His Majesty might be inform'd of our (I cannot find words horrid enough for it) *Hell-batch'd Conspiracy*. What Guilt must needs be in the Earl of *Essex*, one of the Head of our Party, and *Devil-deluded Greatness*, to cut his own Throat, rather than trust to the Kings never-failing Mercy. Them that suffer'd, confess themselves Guilty of all that's laid to their charge, except the Lord *Russel*; whose deportment at first appearance upon the Scaffold, was like our *Religion*, meerly outside. His actions like one in a great Passion, that would strive to hide his resentment with a forc'd Smile. His Gest-

C

ture,

ture, as if he had said, must a man of my vast Estate, come to expose my life, (nay, lay it down) before men so much beneath me. His Speech (which was but little) tended to *Rebellion*, advising the People to Arm themselves against that common Enemy the *Roman Catholicks*. Which was our pretence, when we cut the Kings Head off. That is, (his advise has this meaning,) to bring our selves under the same Predicament with him, (as many of us have already,) that we may receive the same (or the like) punishment; as we are assured we shall all. His Lordship just after the Execution of Viscount *Stafford*, enquiring how he suffer'd? was answered, the Executioner did not perform his Office well; he reply'd, *That he was an Ignoramus at it yet, but by that time the next Lord came, he would be more Dexterous*, little Dreaming his Honour was to make the next Experiment. Yet so it happens, *That the Righteous are taken in the Height of Their Conspiracy*.

But to slip our Necks out of the Snare, how do we strive to be in Loyal mens Company, (now the times are turn'd) because we would seem to appear so; Tho' in our Hearts we could cut their Throats. Nay, *Whig S-----* follows up and down after *Tory Tom*, and by his good will would never be out of his Company: And every body knows what he
has

has been by his Writing. This has wrought upon me to forsake the Devil (our long ador'd Master) and follow *Truth* and *Loyalty*; which I heartily wish you may all. But then methinks (we having been such implacable Villains) I hear the *Loyalists* answer Us, with the Fable of the *Cat* that was Metamorphos'd into a Queen, and was sitting at the Table with all her Delicious Fare before her; her Retinue great to attend her; and all the Grandeur of Majestick Pomp. At length she spies a *Mouse* run cross the Room, she strait leaves her Costly Delicates to catch the *Mouse*: So say They to Us; whenever the least opportunity presents it self, we shall be like the *Cat* in following our own Game.

But

But to convince them of my Loyalty,
I make this hearty Prayer.

May His Sacred Majesty, live longer than the
Evil Conspirators against His Unmatchless
Life. May His years be renew'd to Reign over His Peo-
ple till Time shall be no more. May Prosperity always
Attend His Crown, and Flourish in His Kingdoms.
May He be the wonder of the whole World, for His
Magnificent Greatness: and may all other Princes Love,
Honour, and Admire Him. May His dearest Brother
JAMES Duke of York, always sit next His Heart;
And may that Brotherly Love increase to an Immensity.
And as the Trinity (by Their Union) are Three in One.
So may these Two Princes Reign as One; the King in
the Throne, and His Royal Highness in His Bosom.
May all the Royal Family be Patterns of Virtue, to suc-
ceeding Ages. May all the Kings Councillors be wise:
And their Councils Fortunately Loyal. And when it shall
please the Divine Power to take Him hence, may He
be Crown'd with a Diadem of Glory in the Heaven of
Heavens, Amen.

A L I T A N Y.



L Et Baxter teach Sedition on, and Self-will'd Saints Delude.



Let Bull his Whoring still pursue, yet Cheat the Multitude.

By's Zealous Leer, and Canting Tone ;
 May Associators Wives,
 Be taught to Cheat their Husbands still,
 With seeming Honest Lives.

That Cuckolds may so Num'rous be,
 Among this Holy Crew ,
 As Oxen all the Land throughout ,
 Nay, Horns upon'em too.

That by their Beast-like Marks they may,
 To th'Loyal part be known,
 For Monstrous Traytors 'gainst the KING,
 His Government and Crown.

And may at last this Zealous Tribe,
 By their Sham Zealous Wives ,
 Unto the Gallows all be led,
 To end their Faction's Lives.

F I N I S.